





A dissertator's haiku, tanka, and senryu:

All but Cicadas.

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Preface

The following poems were composed over the course of thesis writing,

mostly during the summer of two thousand and thirteen.

I.

Grad school has sucked all the words out of me. I am left with just three lines.

1

II.

A dissertator's cries crash silent upon the stone-eared committee.

3

III.

To do list

Sometimes I think of all I haven't yet finished. *hyperventilates*

IV.

On conference abstracts

Abstract accepted! Crap—now I actually have to do the work. V.

Corpus work

Dear natural data: Why am I so constantly cleaning up *your* mess?

VI.

The white whale

When my statistics confirm my hypothesis: Victory is mine!

VII.

Research in the digital age

I kinda want to kick you if your article isn't on the net.

But I guess I'll settle for just not citing you instead.

VIII.

Writing a frustrating section

Furiously slow, I deconstruct, reconstruct. Writing over and

over and over and over and over again. Sigh.

IX.

Committee meeting. Like winter: bone-chillingly cold, and far too long.

X.

Literature review

The literature is too vast. Cannot poss'bly summarize it all.

That god for *inter alia*, *e.g.*, and (my fav) *et seq*.

XI.

Literature review, 2

The literature written before is vast. But, let's get to the point.

XII.

Imperatives from the advisor: 8 August 2013

"Schedule your defense!"
"Just turn in a crummy draft!"
"Revise it later!"

XIII.

How to (A reverse tanka)

Once, I asked Kie Zuraw how she does it all. Her one tip

for academic survival: "Lower *all* of your expectations."

XIV.

Norvin Richards, on finishing dissertations

Richards, to me: "You don't finish a thesis. You just run out of time."

XV.

MFK Fisher said: "Let your words go. They'll soon be wrapped 'round dead fish."

(Or, they'll soon be scratch paper for drawing OT tableaux.)

XVI.

 $Technological\ unadvancements$

Dear Frank Harrell: Thanks but no thanks for rms.
Bring back Design, please?

XVII.

The drip

Why is it always that coffee I drink at 9 never hits 'til 3?

 ${\it \#} superhyper caffe in a ted expial idocious$

XVIII.

Things that make me happy while dissertating: 16 August 2013

Emails from colleagues about music and cronuts; Citing stats papers;

Mottled light; working outside with a good friend from SD.

XIX.

On surviving the dissertation defense (advice from Nathan Schneider)

"Bake something sticky for your committee, so they won't be able to

utter their criticisms. Caramel should do the trick." XX.

Sunday, 6AM: Morning stillness, outside and on my gchat list.

XXI.

Re: Douglas Bates

Wondering if my committee will throw a fit if I don't report

p-values for mixed models? It's the principle of it.

XXII.

The never-ending chapter, 1

Fifty-four pages (single-spaced), and still not done. One-chapter thesis?

XXIII.

The never-ending chapter, 2

Fifty-five pages (single-spaced), and still I've got three whole sections more.

XXIV.

The never-ending chapter, 3

Fifty-six pages, Section 6.3.4. Deep breath, and... ...go!

XXV.

On sleep

A wondrous thing, this full night's sleep! I'd forgotten what it's like to dream.

XXVI.

Trees fall in silence. I do not exist between the moments with you.

XXVII.

Things that make me happy while dissertating: 26 August 2013

Facebook photos from colleagues of cronut shops named "La Cornetteria."

XXVIII.

 $BKY \rightarrow DAV$

I don't understand people who work on trains. Trains are for day dreaming.

XXIX.

Inception

Rob pointed out that Chapter 4 is a thesis within a thesis.

XXX.

While I sleep, the elves in my computer test my maximal random

intercepts and slopes for me. Thank you for your hard work, elves.

XXXI.

Dissertation distractions on a Friday morning

Flat tire, burst pipe, travel logistics, and still no housing for Fall.

XXXII.

Speed

Med school friend writes three pages in the time I write one paragraph. #sad

XXXIII.

Google-hupf

Today's diversion: argument on facebook re: "kugelhopf" spelling.

XXXIV.

Upon hearing Matt's defense

Worried cause I don't have a theoretical implementation.

XXXV.

It's quite hard not to feel like a constant failure when I'm thesis-ing.

XXXVI.

Not finished yet

Incomplete drafts and incomplete thoughts and incomplete senryu and

XXXVII.

Perks of the dissertation diet

Why, hello, awesome pair of designer jeans from the start of grad school.

(Seriously, I should patent this thesis weight loss diet.)

XXXVIII.

The magic trick

in which I'll now pull a dissertation out of thin air in a week.

XXXIX.

Upon hearing that I only have 48 hours in which to produce a full draft

As Jen Hay once said, "Don't worry. We specialize in miracles here."

XL.

Scholarly Schadenfreude

That glimmer of glee whenever I spot typos in published papers.

XLI.

The cake is a lie.

Cake, and grief counsel, will be available at the end of the test.

 ${\it \#parallels between Portal} \\ and dissertation writing$

XLII.

Every. single. year.

It's "100 words or *fewer*." *NOT* "100 words or *less*," damnit!

re: the LSA abstract notification email.

XLIII.

It's true what they say

You never know what your dissertation's about until the very end.

XLIV.

Dear Santa, My Christmas List:

Model convergence, A finished chapter, and news from the job market.

XLV.

LSA 2014

Clues your talk was good: Mark Liberman's there and says after: "Hey, good talk."

XLVI.

Reason #2394871927

I would not make a good academic because I. HATE. REVISIONS.

XLVII.

Can't stop

So desperate to finish that I'm listening to Miley Cyrus.

XLVIII.

The meat market

Relief: the one and only emotion I feel upon job success.

XLIX.

Unfortunate fact of life

No matter how great the accomplishment, merit still can't buy one love. L.

On Pi Day, 2014

Filed! In one word, How I plan to celebrate having finished: *sleep*. And now, the sequel: (Euphemistically)

The Merry Stroll to Tenure.